

STRANDED IN BRITANNY

AMERICAN GIRLS SEE AN OUT OF THE WAY BIT OF FRANCE.

Breaking Down of Their Auto Leaves Them in the Quiet Town Where Le Sage Was Born and Abolard Wrote Letters of Lamentation to Heloise.

SARZEAU, FRANCE, Aug. 15.—How two American girls on an entirely conventional tour happened to land at this to them unknown spot is a simple story. It was all on account of a stupid chauffeur. The misadventure was not without its recompenses and the intimate acquaintance with the people of this little rocky peninsula on the west coast of France that they picked up, the experiences that they had and the knowledge not acquired in the guide books that they acquired may be worth the telling for the benefit of some one else who may have tired of the beaten paths.

Instead of going by railway to the next stop they sent their trunks by train, took with them their handbags and started by motor car. This was really not so great an extravagance as it appeared, for they had dickered with the landlord of the hotel and got the machine for sixty francs a day, with ten francs additional as tip for the chauffeur.

A chateau that arose superbly by the roadside they discovered was the country



SARZEAU'S NARROW, DARK STREET.

home of a foreign nobleman who had married an American heiress, and when they said in their best French that they would like to see it they were whirled up in state to the imposing front entrance. When the chauffeur alighted to help them out they excitedly explained.

He had another idea and took them around to the rear of the house. In desperation one of them grabbed the wheel and sent the machine at imminent peril of a wreck back down the drive. What their countrywoman may have thought as she looked from the window is left to the imagination.

The machine did not go well after that and finally came to a dead stop at the edge of this little village. It may be



DAY'S WASH SPREAD OUT TO DRY.

added that the girls saw it later in tow of a team of horses on the way to Vannes. There was nothing left for them but to go to the only inn in the town.

The landlady that evening dragged them up the narrow, dark stairway and lifting a trap door helped them out on the roof. She was large and she had hard work climbing and so had not wasted words in explanation.

"Voilà," she said, and pointed out toward the ocean that was a silver streak far to the south.

Over the tile roofs and across the lowlands rose the great walls of a castle. The mist lay heavy over the lowlands and the great building, flooded with moonlight, seemed raised above the earth into dreamland.

"Le chateau de Sucinio," said the landlady.

Who that has read of knights and ladies of Brittany, of Duke John and his holy crusade, of Charles de Blois or Du Guesclin has not heard of Sucinio? Just to think of coming thus unwarned face to

face with a treasure of your romantic age on a house-top!

They had always wanted to see a castle by moonlight, and here was the opportunity. They slipped down the dark, narrow, deserted street and out into the darker country. At the foot of the path that led up the hill they halted and looked at the sheen of the side walls and the deep shadows of the corner tower.

Trembling, they tiptoed across the plank where once had been the drawbridge and peered in through the great

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WALLS OF OLD SUCINIO.

arch. The moonlight played over the court and bats flew about the crumbling masonry. In the place of all the splendor and glory of the past was desolation and silence. It was only a ghost and it was overgrown.

"They ran down the hill and glanced back again. The white fleecy clouds seemed the spirits of those that had lived within the walls, and they screamed and ran as fast as they could and didn't stop until they were in their rooms.

"Only those strange American girls," they heard some one explain in French as they closed the door.

The next morning when they looked out of the window the crumbling old walls were down to earth, cows grazed in their shadows and around the foundation was spread out to dry the day's washing of Sarzeau.

Walking along the street the next morning they saw a tablet over the deep doorway of a heavy walled two story house saying that within Le Sage was born. They had supposed that the author of "Gil Blas" had lived in this part of the world, for Vannes had his statue in the public garden and a street and a hotel named after him. They had read that his parents died when he was very young and that his guardian had stolen his patrimony, but they had not read where he had been born.

Of course he had a birthplace, like the rest of us; but to run up against it in an obscure French town was a surprise. They rang the bell at the high window and two large women with arms akimbo appeared at the door of the house and glared. They did not know if the novel was born in the house or not, as the event was said to have taken place in 1668 and they were not living at the time. They had a grudge against the society that put the tablet on their house and they were not going to show the interior to any one, while as for M. Le Sage's fame



LE SAGE'S BIRTHPLACE.

it would not be spread through any good words that they would say for him, and a little town and the persons in control so contrary minded that they refused to make a show place of it. No wonder the landlady didn't have much good to say of those two women.

In this part of the world women appear to be the workers and the principal visitors of the population. The girls discovered this when they went out to explore the country.

On one farm an American thresher was rattling away as much noise as if it was on a Kansas ranch. The women were around the machine; the other hands were women. In the dust and dirt beneath the starker two long lines of women were watching them. The girls were not inclined to entrust the treasures of the house to the men. In one wagon that passed four women squatted on the floor intently watching two small pigs resting on the straw.

The women, too, it was curious to observe, have the care of the pigs. Pork is an important item in the domestic economy of Sarzeau, and the girls were not inclined to entrust the treasures of the house to the men. In one wagon that passed four women squatted on the floor intently watching two small pigs resting on the straw.

One old woman had easy control over a big porker by having a rope tied around its lame leg. Another had in charge a large pig that insisted upon lying down at frequent intervals. When the desire seized him hardest the old woman would gather him up in her arms and labor on until she was exhausted. In this way they managed to reach the little village together.

It was evidently a weekly fair day, for the street was filled with hogs and the women were watching them. The girls were not inclined to entrust the treasures of the house to the men. In one wagon that passed four women squatted on the floor intently watching two small pigs resting on the straw.

"Hello, Billy!" he shouted, and I was surprised at the depth of lung he developed. "Goin' fishin'?"

"Ya-a-a-s," replied Billy. "I be."

"To Reasor's Brook?" queried my boy.

"Ya-a-a-s," said the other. "I be."

"In the bend?" was the further inquiry.

"Ya-a-a-s," came the reply. "I be."

"Well, say, Billy," said the boy in the dragon, shaking his head significantly, "let me tell you somethin'. Old Reasor's don't sign up."

"No-o-o!" said Billy, plainly surprised

they were fast forgetting their business worries.

At the tip of the peninsula, where the waters of Morbihan Bay rush out to the ocean, they found a little fishing village of rough stone houses and a quay lined with small fishing smacks, with their red sails. On the largest and neatest of the houses they saw an inn sign and went in for luncheon.

"I wonder if we can ever make ourselves understood here?" remarked one. "Do you suppose they speak French or Breton? Certainly no English speaking person ever came here."

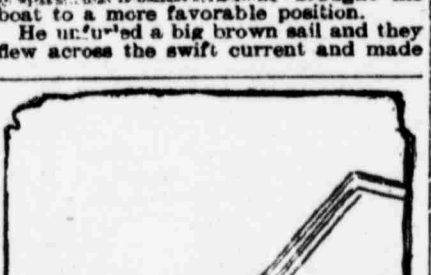
Whether the man sitting next to them overheard the words or not they did not know, but in a few moments he turned to them and in genuine United States with an unmistakable Southern accent said:

"From America, I believe?" He introduced himself as Dr. Pannier of Paris and said his wife was an American, the daughter of William Kansom Calhoun of Charleston, S. C. Calhoun was an officer in the Confederate army and had come to Paris as a representative of the South. In 1864 he went out of the house on an errand and was never afterward seen by his family.

Mrs. Calhoun had spent years in the search for her husband and died of grief. The daughter had taken up the mission as a family inheritance and had sought everywhere for some tidings of her father. The doctor had brought her here to this quiet village for rest and in the hope of diverting her mind from the all absorbing subject.

The sparkling waters of the bay and its hundreds of little islands suggested a sail and they picked out the best of the boats and sent for the skipper. He was found under a bush of a wine shop near by. He was a valuable man when they showed hesitation in jumping ten feet by his craft he showed how easy it was by lying down on the pier and rolling off. The skipper of this vessel brought his empire conference and brought his boat to a more favorable position.

He unfurled a big brown sail and they flew across the swift current and made



WOMEN LOOK AFTER THE PIGS.

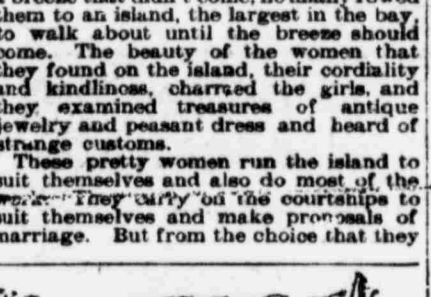
landings at several of the islands where were megalithic monuments, in which the whole region abounded. They bargained with the good natured master to take them to the head of the bay.

Nothing could be easier, for was not his boat the fastest on the bay, and he the best sailor? The boat fairly leaped when the sail was hoisted and bore down upon a point of rocks with surprising speed. They felt certain that the convivial master was bent on a speechnut wreck and hence they were just at the right instant he tacked and skimmed over the frothy current up the bay. After this stroke of seamanship the boat didn't come, he hoisted the sail about him stood up and called down the blessings of all the saints.

In the shelter of the next island the craft stopped becalmed. Waiting for a breeze that didn't come, he hoisted the sail about him stood up and called down the blessings of all the saints.

The beauty of the women that they found on the island, their cordiality and kindness, charmed the girls, and they examined treasures of antique jewelry and peasant dress and heard of strange customs.

The pretty women run the island to suit themselves and also do most of the work. They carry on the courtesies to suit themselves and make proposals of marriage. But from the choice that they



BUSH OVER THE WINE SHOP DOOR.

made the girls did not see that the system was an improvement over that of most other lands.

These poor people were the strongest of the Royalists in the days of the Revolution and perhaps still are. It was only a little further down the coast that the ill-fated Royalist expedition with the returning emigrants came to grief. The officers were taken to a meadow near the shore and all were put to death.

When the Bourbon power was restored this meadow was called the Field of Martyrs, along its edge were planted rows of trees and at one end was erected a little chapel. The bones of the unfortunate officers were taken to a chapel or a convent close by and reinterred with pomp. In these days of the republic the little chapel stands neglected, a shorn of all its beautiful fittings and the bones of the

accumulated from other sources, too.

"Even in those days they did sometimes buy some new clothes complete, entire, and when they were worn out the buttons from them too, as from the home made clothes, were cut off and put in the box; and so what with the buttons out from all sorts of garments the store of buttons increased; in many a button box of that time you might find in some old boxes numbering thousands.

"Then, once in a while, the housewife would go over the button box and sort out the buttons, with a view to throwing away any that had become positively obnoxious, archaic, remotely ancient in style; the old saving spirit would still possess her; and might find of the buttons she would thus dispose of; and then when she wanted a button, she would have to find what she wanted. But she would find it in the button box.

"Now when garments factory made by modern machinery are universally worn, and as the buttons are bought at home, only valuable buttons are saved; the rest are thrown away, with the garment, and so the need for the button box, one of those old time household necessities, is passing rapidly; they are becoming more and more rare.

"So in those days buttons were always saved; and when a piece of cassimere was bought for a new pair of trousers, or cotton and linen for new shirts, they didn't have to buy any buttons, they went to the button bag for them. Buttons

"I suppose," said Mr. Billings, "that a button box of old original sort would now be considered as more or less of a rarity, for I am told that such boxes are never to be seen in the homes of the new generation.

"There was a time when you found a real button box in every home, and in it buttons in countless numbers and endless variety; a box that you could turn to with pretty nearly complete confidence in any button emergency.

"The old time button box owed its origin to the then governing spirit of economy and also to the different customs as to people's clothes that then prevailed. In those days very many, it might be all, of the garments worn by all the members of the household were made at home, and many of these garments, when they got too small for one member, were made over for another, and when the time came, if it ever did, when a garment was considered to be fairly worn out it was not even then thrown away; but the buttons were cut off and saved in the button box, while the garment itself was put into one of the rag bags to be sold as rags.

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dead in a dark crypt can be viewed and studied by the curious upon payment of a small tip to the sisters in charge of the place.

When the American girls returned to the quay they found that their boat had disappeared. A boy said that the master had gone to sleep and the boat caught in the current had drifted out to sea. They tried to find another boat, but no skipper with a craft big enough to venture to the mainland could be found. They waited; it was the only thing that they could do, and finally Dr. Pannier, fearing that something had happened, sent out a boat from the mainland and rescued the marooned sightseers.

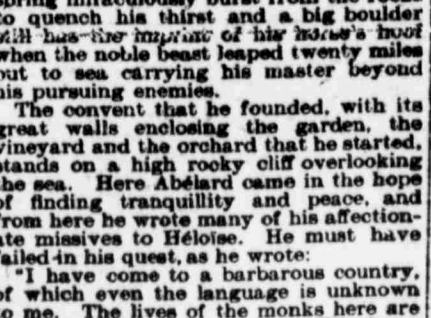
This is St. Gilda's country and the



CHAPEL ON HILL OF THE MARTYRS.

marks of the mission's life are everywhere. A little fountain shows where a spring miraculously burst from the rock to quench his thirst and a big boulder still bears the imprint of his master's foot when the noble leaped twenty miles out to sea carrying his master beyond his pursuing enemies.

The convent that he founded, with its great walls enclosing the garden, the vineyard and the orchard that he started, stands on a high rocky cliff overlooking the sea. Here Abolard came to the hope of finding tranquility and peace, and from here he wrote many of his affectionate missives to Heloise. He must have failed in his quest, as he wrote to her of the barbarous country, of which even the language is unknown to me. The lives of the monks here are frightful and uncontrollable. The doors of the abbey have no other ornaments than the bloody feet of wild boars and bears, the monks have no other signal

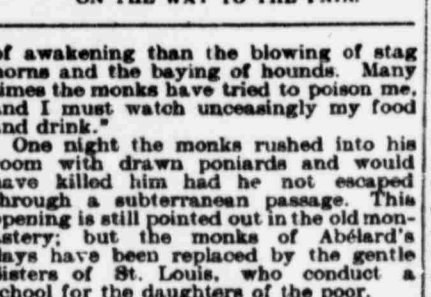


ON THE WAY TO THE FAIR.

of awakening than the blowing of stag horns and the baying of hounds. Many times the monks have tried to poison me, and I must watch unceasingly my food and drink.

One night the monks rushed into his room with drawn poniards and would have killed him had he not escaped through a subterranean passage. This opening is still pointed out in the old monastery but the monks of Abolard's days have been replaced by the gentle Sisters of St. Louis, who conduct a school for the daughters of the nobles.

It was in one of the little white cell-like rooms of the convent that the girls found a resting place. It was delightful to dine in the great old hall of the monastery



THE SEPULCHRAL CHAPEL.

and at early twilight to watch the light of the candle dip in the hands of retiring boarders flashing like fireflies in the long dark corridors.

This morning one of the girls asked for a bath and in due course of time a sister led her to the furthermost room. A great key was in the lock and the only light shined through narrow overhead windows. There was a little tub full of clear water and on the chair towels and a sheet.

"Why the sheet?"

A look of astonishment came over the kindly sister's face. She never unfolded it and cast it as if around the tub and the gathered it tightly at her neck so that only her face showed.

"Thus," she said, "and it is not so that you take a bath as that he has had it repaired and wants us to pay half of the expense. I suppose that he divides the responsibility equally between the chauffeur's stupidity and my bad French; she was managing things said soon after this to her companion. "We can afford it, for we have been able to spend men for as the day on the Sarzeau peninsula and I told him to send the car. There's the honk, honk now, invading this quiet place and sending thrills through the good sisters and their gentle boarders."

"The depth and the distance between the two worlds is so great that the variety of bulbs, the nature of the soil and whether the beds are to be permanent or temporary. As the bulbs of bulbodendron, triandrium and few other groups are never very large they may be set three inches apart. Bulbs in other groups frequently attain the size of six inches in diameter and the distance between plants should be from six to twelve inches apart.

"The rule is to plant deeper in light soils than in heavy ones. In my own garden I make it a point to plant the bulbs as deep as their circumference. This places the base of the bulb of most varieties about four inches below the surface. Where the soil is light the depth should be increased about one-half in planting. Remember that deep planting is always safer, especially in cold, exposed localities.

"In this covering the bulbs are protected from melting snow remains unusually long on it in the spring I have found placing a handful of sand about the bulb very effective in protecting the roots. The larger and richer flowers should be produced have in partial shade. There are, however, many varieties which do better when exposed to the full sun. Among these may be numbered all those that have flowers of thick substance.

"All white varieties and the bicolor and white tinged trumpets are particularly grateful for perfect shade. The colors of the new red and orange rimmed crowned varieties are only retained when the flowers are shielded from the sun. When shade cannot be had then the flowers should be cut when about half open and allowed to develop by putting the stems in water and setting in the shade.

"Until I had learned about keeping highly colored varieties in the shade I had a discouraging number of flowers that were covered by a great protection against heavy rain, which might other-

NOW FOR THE DAFFODILS

TIME TO PREPARE FOR NEXT SPRING'S DISPLAY.

Blooms for Three Months in the Year Possible About New York—Needs of the Bulbs if the Best Results Are to Be Had—The Selection of Varieties.

September is the month for planting daffodils if you want the best results in the vicinity of New York," asserted a woman who has earned her pin money by raising daffodils for several years.

"In my long Island garden I make a point of putting the bulbs into their new beds during the first week of September. Daffodils planted then can be counted on to give blossoms in the neighborhood of New York in the last seven days in the following March.

"The imported bulbs are seldom received here before the middle of the month. To expedite their planting as much as possible I have the beds prepared for the first week in September and get the bulbs in immediately on their arrival. I do this because the more root growth a daffodil can make before the winter sets in the larger will be its flowers the next spring.

"Never make the mistake of applying manure to the bulb beds with the idea of forcing greater development of either plant or flower. Though the bulb luxuriates in rich soil they resent actual contact with manure and when the spring comes you will find the foliage yellow and if there are any flowers they will be small and of poor color.

"Daffodils, with which I include the narcissus, with a very few exceptions, give the very best results in a deep, moisture holding, air penetrated soil overlying a porous subsoil and in partial shade. In the highest part of my gardens I have found that the large trumpet daffodil do better than in the lower and damper spots, while the poetical types do best in a heavier, damper soil. There are several exceptions to this rule, and among the most conspicuous is the old double daffodil or double Van Sion. This must have a damp moist soil if it is to retain its rich color.

"Though most of the bulbs do better in a moist situation, it must not be forgotten that none of them will flourish if their feet are allowed to remain wet. Wet feet prevents the maximum growth and the perfection of blossom in all bulbs. The moisture must be drained away, and from below.

"I have experimented in my gardens with almost every known variety of daffodil some of them costing as much as \$2 a bulb, and I have decided that the whole secret of success in producing the best, largest, most perfect and richest colored flowers and foliage lies in securing the maximum root development. Now, root development is entirely dependent upon congenial soil and conditions. What nature hasn't done you must yourself supply.

"Light, dry, sandy or gravelly soil must be made heavier and more retentive of moisture. If you have time the best way to accomplish this is by growing crimson clover, cow peas or some green crop that can be turned under and left to decay. Of course it is all the better if the land can be highly manured before the green crop is planted.

"If you haven't enough time to put in this green crop very good results may be had by starting some three or four weeks before the bulbs are to be planted. The top soil should be removed to the depth of ten or twelve inches, then worked into a fine texture and the soil should be replaced. Under no circumstances should the manure be mixed with the upper soil.

"Where the soil is heavy and wet of course the problem is to make it lighter and more porous. The first step in this mellowing process is to get sufficient underdrainage. This may be satisfactorily done with either tile or triangle shaped board conduits put in about three feet below the surface. These drains should be from twelve to twenty feet apart, according to the dampness and heaviness of the soil. In the sandy drains should be laid with a slight fall. The next best thing to putting in these drains is to give the land a thorough subsoil ploughing to the depth of eighteen inches or even two feet.

"Where manuring has not been previously done I would advise the use of pure ground bone only at the rate of two to four frames per acre. The ground bone should be evenly strewn over the top of the soil and thoroughly dug in. This should be followed by any good commercial fertilizer, rich in potash at the rate of one to two frames per acre.

"It should be remembered that on just before the final raking and leveling.

"Where the soil is light and sandy about one ounce of salt and potash should be strewn on to each square foot of bulbs are planted; this is a course after the other fertilizers have been worked in as described. I have found unleached lime to be of great value in light sandy soils. It deepens the coloring of the flowers and tends to check abnormal growth in both plant and foliage.

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COLLEGE ATHLETE A HELP

TO SOME YOUNG WOMEN WHO KNEW IT TO SEW WELL.

A Trade in Sewing Machine and Football Suits Made in a University Town—It Is Plausible and Suggests a Field for Her Young Women.

"We earned money for our vacation by making baseball and football suits," a young woman living in a university town told the writer. "My younger sister and I began to work three winters ago by making a suit for our brother, who was then his first year.

"The other student liked my brother's suit so much that several of them begged us to make them suits. At the advice of my mother we consented to do it provided they got enough orders to consume a bolt of cloth.

"We were rushed that season filling orders. Of course I all wanted their suits in time for our own events and we were put to our brother's sister and I. From the first month had impressed on us that if we were to go into the work as a means of earning money we must cast aside all frivolous ideas and keep our promises and engagements. Business was business, and must separate it entirely from our social duties, friendships and customs.

"As we had to compete with the regular trade, my mother said we must be careful not only to make the suit of good material, but also to make it work more lasting than that of the regular trade. With this end in view we began our second year by guaranteeing to keep our suits in repair for twelve months. To see, we had made enough to pay our sister and me \$100 each after all expenses were paid that first year, and when we began the second year we were determined to make a good business of it.

"Our method are very simple. At the beginning of each college term we send out short priced circulars telling our terms to the new students. Besides this we try to keep ourselves in the minds of the principal boarding house proprietors to the extent that they scatter our circulars among their boarders. The result of this is that we have all the orders we can fill.

Last season we were forced to refuse several very big orders because of lack of time. This coming season we have engaged a woman who will help us in case we get too many orders. We have had of our mother and the family sewing when a help.

"We have patents of course. In the majority of cases boys are willing to furnish us with pattern used by their tailor. From this it is easy enough to cut a baseball or football suit. Though these suits may appear to be the uninitiated to need very careful fitting, we have found our plans exacting in the matter of comfort.

"While the major take their suits and are never heard from until a new suit or some slight repair is needed, others come back, often more than once, to have their suits altered taken up here and there. Of course I make no extra charges for alterations. Even when to us it appears to be the whim of the student rather than the fit the suit is responsible for a demand for an alteration we accept it as part of the order.

"My sister did play back on one man who insisted that he had needed more arm room. She couldn't see that the alteration he suggested was at all necessary and neither could we. However, my sister stipulated the suggestion, and when he returned he was assisted told the owner to return for it early the next morning. As we were already rushed to thimble the sewing machine, we couldn't do it, so we made up a new suit for him. He was very satisfied and told him the suit was handed over to him.

"Two days later he returned and asked to have one of his trousers made larger. My sister said she had time to make it for him. He said he would return for it the next morning. He made a long story short, that student of coming back to have a modification made in his suit. He had a hard time to express his entire satisfaction at the alteration previously made.

"Not until he went home the end of the season did we hear of the suit. My sister hadn't touched him beyond receiving it from him at handing it back the next morning. He explained that she cut up the suit and made it into a new one. He said he was very satisfied and told him the suit was handed over to him.

"We could get a good man to be made during the summer, but my mother insisted that we do it ourselves. She said she would always be uncertain about making suits to be delivered the next season, and she thinks it wisest for us not to undertake it.

"We have accepted orders on students of other colleges, but as rule we find working for the students the university more satisfactory. They are good to come some distance for fitting and alterations and it is always convenient for us to make our suits in with them. Besides it greatly increases the added expense of delivery by express.

"We buy our material direct from the manufacturer and so get it at bottom prices. There are cheaper sources, but we have no desire to have ours as reasonable in price as any suits of the same quality in the shop and a good bit lower than those elsewhere.

"With baseball and football suits as well as everything else practice makes perfect. The suits that we made last season were very much better in point of quality than those we made when we began. So far as time is concerned it took us about a third longer when we began than it does now.

"My sister prophesied that we wouldn't have to repair one of the suits set out last year. It simply means that what we learned where to put the strong sewing and what constitutes strong sewing.

"I can see no reason why in other college towns shouldn't earn a fair amount in the same business. The students have the same taste and are likely to be as good as we. So I think the better for us to have more of the business. It is a demand is steady and it is only a question of learning to make garments that require strong sewing. I began to be a brother or friend to order or even repair without paying for it the first suit. If the student has a good figure and is a good sewer, I think he can make a good figure of his class and his having a good figure not only made it easier for us to fit but showed off the suit to advantage.

"Another point a beginner should be careful about is to do a cash business with both strangers and friends. It is a good idea to have more than one price, and cash is the only safe rule where students are coming and going as they are in the college town today."

Yellow Legged Chickens.

From the Queen.

Yellow legs and golden skin, although required in the poultry industry, are not always appreciated upon British dinner tables. This is of course a quite unreasonable prejudice, because the ingredients of color do not affect the flavor or quality of the flesh.

Beasts by Special Train.

From the System.

The high rates charged by express companies for carrying documents of great value have prompted one concern to deliver \$10,000,000 worth of bonds of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company to a New York banking house by its special messenger.

It was found less expensive to charter a special train, with two competent detectives and have the bonds delivered by E. C. Bradley, one of the managers of the company, in person than to pay \$15,000 demanded by the express company for transferring them.

THE INNOCENT SMALL BOY.

Sullivan County Urchin Surprises a Visitor.